

POEM

ON THE

Queen's Birth-Day.

O H! I must rile, for who can sleep to Day?
The cheerful Bells prevent the Morning Ray,
Each Steeple with the Nation's Joy Refounds:]
Joy past Expression, ignorant of Bounds.

To the Bright Beams of this Auspicious Day,
Whole *Europe* ought their humble Thanks to pay.
But *England* most indebted to the Stars,
Shall own it's Tribute in the *Calendars*,
So long till Time forget the vast Account,
And rousing Years all Numb'ring Art Surmount.
England's Great Queen shall stand a lasting Name
Of Wonder, in the Registers of Fame,
And unborn Babes, in distant Ages hence,
Shall with her Praise their early Talk Commence.
And e'v'n her Foes (whose Malice Heaven awes,)
Submissive shall confess her with Applause.
But hold, my Muse, thy willing Transports cease:
And leave to better Bards such Themes as these.
'Tis rash Presumption in a so weak a Pen,
To write such uncouth Strains on *England's* Queen.
Had I a Quill, reach'd from an Angel's Wing,
I might be priviledg'd her Praise to Sing.
Yet then it were a Work I could not do,
Unless I had their Inspiration too.
But sure I may this Humble Off'ring make,
To shew that I the Publick Joy partake.

My

My Lays to no Desert, no Pride pretend,
 But with like Pious Incense to Ascend,
 And their devoted Gratitude express,
 For Blessings which Great *Brittains* Realms confess !
 So great, so rare, Successes over the Foe
 Does God on our lov'd Princess's Reign bestow,
 That all look back on Fam'd *Eliza's* Day,
 And wonder, why they wonder'd at her Sway.
 Her Rival *Anne*, in Glory's Chariot drove,
 Her Glimmering Flame shall out of Memory shove,
 As Stars o'erwhelm'd with Lustre disappear,
 When dazzling *Phœbus* gilds the Hemisphere,
 Each fainter Light submits, it's Rule foregoes,
 Nor dares its Bright Antagonists oppose.
 So uncontroll shall *ANNA* spread her Beams,
 Obscuring modern, past, or future Themes.
 The greatest Hero shall Resign his Claim,
 And *Marlborough's* Self stoop to his Mistress's Name,
 And at her Fleet lay all his Laurels down,
 And from her Sway deriv'd, his Merits own.
 But, hark ! VVhat Sounds of Musick reach my Ear ?
 And with glad Harmony my Senses cheer ?
 The deep-mouth'd Cannons thro' the vaulted Sky
 With thundering Accents speak the general Joy,
 While from that Signal on each Face is seen
 A Smile, each Tongue begs Blessings on the Queen.
 Blessings on Her, whose Piety alone
 Seems for Her Kingdom's Vices to atone,
 And from pleas'd Heav'n pluck Blessings on Her Throne.
 May she still live to see Her People pay
 Their Homage to this Blest returning Day.
 And were it not in Fate that all must die,
 United *Britain's* Prayers to Heav'n would fly,
 That She might Bless the World with Immortality.

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